

# THE RCM MAGAZINE



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# THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &  
PRESENT STUDENTS and  
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE  
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ  
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

*'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'*





## Editorial

*The voys of peple touchede the hevene,  
So loude cryden they with mery stevene ;  
" God save swich a lord, that is so good,  
He wilneth no destruccion of blood ! "  
Up goon the trompes and the melodye.—CHAUCER.*

There are so many things about which I should like to write, that I hardly know which to choose. Most of them are strikes of one sort or another. Outside the R.C.M. nearly everyone seems to have been out on strike or to have contemplated the possibility of being so. The dockers of Liverpool, and the railway-men all over the country have made the most stir, but even members of the House of Lords have tried their hands at the game and we hear of golf caddies and school boys who have followed their example. These things, however, are scarcely convenient subjects to be handled here ; tempting though they are, it will be safer and happier to take a throw back to the time before all the turmoil began, and to recall that morning in June when we met together in Westminster Abbey to " pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

The Coronation is after all perhaps the event of the year which should claim foremost place in our Magazine, for not only was it a source of common interest to all good Britons, but we of the R.C.M. have a special interest in it since its music was entirely organized, and to a large extent composed by our own leaders. I may be forgiven, I hope, if I write of the Coronation from this smaller and more personal standpoint and if I make no attempt to echo those trumpet calls to enthusiastic patriotism which were blown so shrilly by the united daily press of the Empire. The moment of enthusiasm is passed, and I will not try to resuscitate it ; the Coronation has been described and commented upon from every conceivable point of view, everyone knows exactly what it was like, if not from having seen it from having read the special numbers of the illustrated papers. In fact many who did both came to the conclusion that the latter was the more enlightening experience.

I for one, as a humble and altogether unworthy member of the choir, should be sorry to have to give a detailed description of the ceremonies.

Perched up close to the key of one of the nave arches and hampered by the need for keeping an eye on the music book, another on Sir Frederick Bridge, another on the wonderfully devised signals which told us to go back to letter A, or to stop, or to go straight on, or to perform some other unexpected musical manœuvre, it was necessary to have borrowed a good many additional eyes in order to see all that was going on below, without neglecting any of these imperative duties. On the whole, I think we were all wonderfully dutiful considering what temptation there was to forget all about the music and to enjoy the glittering pageantry of crimson and purple, gold and blue which the King and Queen, the great officers of State, the Peers and Peeresses and Messrs Maple & Co. were enacting in the chancel far below. I mention Messrs Maple & Co. because they provided the carpet of azure blue which, from our exalted point of view, made the most beautiful and reposeful background to all the kaleidoscopic colours of the active agents in the ceremony.

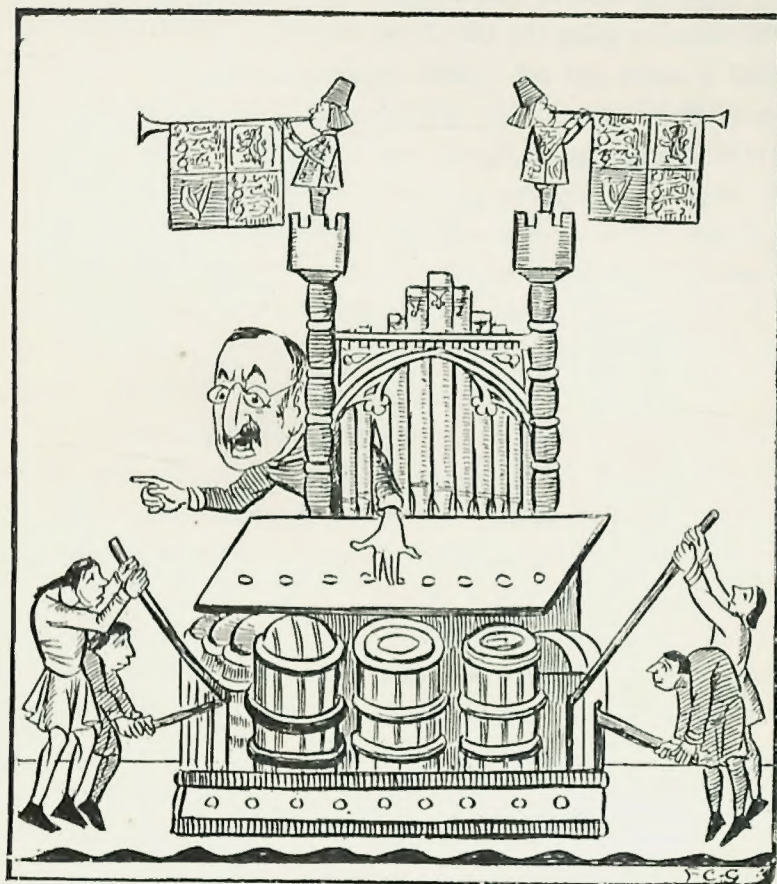
There was a curious contrast between the external aspect of the scene and the character of the music, for almost all the music of the service, (with the exception of Handel's bejewelled 'Zadok the Priest,') from Tallis, Merbecke and Purcell to the first anthem and the final Te Deum of Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford's Gloria, Dr Alcock's Sanctus and Sir Edward Elgar's Offertorium, seemed to be striving to get to the spirit underlying all the brave show and to turn its back upon the dramatic symbolism in the attempt. No doubt the ceremony and the music were devised for one end, but they seemed to travel towards it by entirely different routes. The musicians above were seeing visions and dreaming dreams while the great officers below were offering gifts and arraying the King in a vesture of gold. There is symbolism there!

Nevertheless, there were no dreams for the musical executants. In the first place there were those signals to be watched in order that Sir Hubert Parry's Anthem might fit the progress of the King's procession and the Westminster scholars might yell their 'vivat' at the right moment. There was Dr Borland signalling away with the precision of a Clapham Junction pointsman. There was Sir Frederick Bridge driving the train, so to speak, with all the energy of his being, and occasionally raising his voice aloud lest we should run past our signals. There was Dr Alcock at the organ, the guard of the train, to whom we owed our safety at a number of critical moments. Thanks to all their efforts, we came to the



“There were great playings upon ye organs.”

(Froissart's *Modern Chronicles*, 1902.)



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MR T. FISHER UNWIN.





journey's end without a collision. The first 'vivats' came as they should, just as the Queen passed under the screen into the Choir; they were duly repeated, with redoubled fervour for the King, and the beautiful coda of the Anthem came to an end while the King and Queen knelt at their devotions on the right side of the altar.

If Sir Frederick Bridge were asked (I have not asked him) what was the most exacting task in all his arduous duties for that day I believe that he would not name the composition of his 'Homage Anthem,' or the clearing away of editorial sins and errors in Tallis and Purcell, (these duties were a sheer delight to him), nor teaching two Bishops to sing the Litany, nor even the ticklish job of piloting his forces through Sir Hubert Parry's very difficult *Te Deum*; but the business of bringing in responses, recognitions, cries of acclamation and even cheers at their right moments. Some of these things ought not to depend upon the musical director at all, but in a simpler age were done by the spontaneous enthusiasm of the Peers. But now the Peers need some assistance in these as in other duties, as was shown by the fact that the act of crowning of the King, which it was quite impossible for Sir Frederick Bridge to see, was actually received in dead silence! However, the choir made up for it a moment later with ringing shouts of

God save the King :

Long live the King :

May the King live for ever !

and immediately after, Sir Walter Parratt stepped to the Conductor's desk and we sang his inspiring 'Confortare.' That this was the only hitch in all the complicated matters which fell under Sir Frederick's care, shows how alert was his brain and how ubiquitous his eye. But Royal Collegians do not need to be told about his ubiquitous eye. Has he not spotted consecutive fifths in the counterpoint of each one of us? The cartoon by Sir F. Carruthers Gould which we print shows Sir Frederick doing the one thing which in fact he did not do, for as has been already said, Dr Alcock did all the organ playing. But what matter? He is bully-ragging the organ blowers and that is very characteristic. I have no positive information, but I have very little doubt that he bully-ragged the two Bishops when they came for their private lessons in the Litany. He bully-ragged everyone, most of all the choir, and they loved him more every time he did it.

## Notice

The Honorary Secretary will be grateful if those readers who are not Members of the Union will forward their subscriptions (1/9) which fall due in October.

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## Director's Address

(MAY 8, 1911)

*"Our grand business undoubtedly is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."*—CARLYLE.

It is always healthy to have plenty to think about, especially when there is such a lot of variety in it, as there is just now. What with things domestic and things of Imperial import ; things cheerful and things mixed with mild melancholy ; things promising and things thorny, and other diversities which may occur to your lively imaginations, our choice at the moment seems almost superfluously copious. But there cannot be any doubt that it will be best for us to give our minds first to the things which are not too obviously all cheerful—partly to dispose of anything which could be regarded as depressing as soon as possible, and partly to observe chronological order—for things which have an element of regret in them are generally things of the past.

Among the things which I admit to be regrettable is the fact that I have been obliged to repeat myself at least once a year for over fifteen years. Other people cannot regret it more than I do, but it cannot be helped, because pupils come and pupils go, and the same things happen over and over again, and the constant displacement of old pupils by new entails restatement of things which old pupils know and new pupils do not ; which at least may have the effect of affording an opportunity of adding the virtue of patience to the other shining qualities of a mature Royal Collegian. This is the time of year, as so many of you know and as I have so often said before, when we take opportunity to pay a well deserved compliment to the most distinguished of the scholars and students who have come to the end of their College time at Easter. With the help of the Magazine we are able to make a sort of roll of honour, by referring to them by name ; and this roll will in after times have a curious interest ; as it will afford grounds for observing how far brilliant promise



has been fulfilled in after life ; and it will also serve as a sort of yearly record of the comparative high water mark of the Musical standard of the College in its artistic manifestations.

The extent of our losses now seems to be measurable, on one side, by the intrinsic brilliancy of the individuals, and on the other by the number of admirable pupils we have parted with. Till we give our minds to it, we shall be unlikely to realize how great they are in both respects. We have lost in Miss Dorothy Devin one of the most brilliant Violinists we have ever had at the College. She came to us as quite a small person of 15, in 1905, and we have watched her development with constant interest ; and with ever increasing confidence, in which many of you who heard her performance of the Brahms Concerto and many other splendid performances at Orchestral and Chamber Concerts will share, that she will take rank among the most interesting and attractive Violinists of her time. We also lose another brilliant Violinist in the person of Miss Giulietta Motto, second of her family to win a Violin Scholarship, which she has certainly adorned by the rare spirit and skill of her playing, and also by the somewhat headlong impulsiveness which added an element of peculiar interest to the proceedings, and sometimes gave us a performance which could hardly be excelled for its fervour and intensity of feeling.

We have lost in Miss Grace Humphery a pianist of rare ability, endowed with a most comprehensive technique and an elevation of taste and interpretation which impressed us most when the works she interpreted made the greatest demands on her artistic insight.

We have lost in Mr E. G. Toye a Composer of great promise, and a musician whose readiness and adaptability ensure his being much in request wherever refined and intelligent work is appreciated.

We have lost in Mr John D. H. Greenwood a most interesting and imaginative Composer, whose mind is full of sympathy with things that are humanly suggestive and poetic. We have lost in Mr E. Douglas Tayler one of the most versatile of Collegians, whose charming poetry was excelled by his penmanship, and whose admirable musical gifts were enhanced by a native vein of humour.

Our losses among Singers have been unusually few, but the departure of Miss Christa Wood deprives us of one of the most graceful of dancers as well as one of the most agile of vocalists ; a most trusty interpreter of



grave and gay, and a young lady of such all-round good sense and amiability that she is sure to win her way in the world,—and in the disappearing figure of Miss Tilly Bodycombe, we recognise a lady gifted with an exceptionally delightful voice and very fine powers of interpretation, and endowed also, like most Welsh people, with a plentiful allowance of temperament.

We have lost in Mr Haydn Draper one of the most brilliant clarinettists who ever passed through the College, who is sure to take rank among the finest players of his day.

We part regretfully with Miss Nora Ford, whose personality as well as her gifts as a Violinist and an all-round Musician inspired us with regard and respect ; with Miss Gladys Hislop, most loyal of Collegians and most frequent winner of History Essay prizes ; with Miss Winifred Douglas, the brilliant Violinist who had the somewhat unique responsibility of leading a first performance at a College Concert of a Quartet by Ravel ; with that stalwart sportsman and reciter, Mr Eric Roper ; and with the worthy Organist, Mr S. T. Goodwin, in whom I have good occasion to take a special interest.

It is a long and suggestive list, and we might be expected to be deeply depressed at the gap it will make in the College array. But, somehow, when we think of it, there is so much to set against the apparent losses that those who think enough to understand are not likely to be so desperately cast down. There is always the public point of view as well as the personal private point of view, and they are generally at variance. What we personally lose, the world gains. Those whose time at the College is completed transfer their brilliant gifts and the qualities of their characters to a wider sphere. Our personal interest is merged in their public value, and if the College has dealt rightly by them, and if they deal loyally by the College, it will not be a loser at all. The very reasons why we shall personally and locally miss them are the reasons which should supply even something better than consolation. We feel that we may be legitimately proud that the College has had such pupils and helped to make them what they are ; and we are proud and confident in sending them out into the world to spread generous and enlightened views about their Art and help people to understand it better ; and also to understand what sort of place the College is, and what worthy and strenuous and wholesome-minded folk come out from it. It is through such people

that College life is enlarged and its influence grows, and that it may be of more and more service to the world.

As to the many other things besides our dear departed ones which can reasonably be expected to be thought of, some of them may be dismissed in few words. We may recall with a sense of relief, that we got through our very heavy spell of routine business last term quite successfully. We elected a lot of new scholars, some of them showing remarkable promise ; and we hope they are here now to take the places of those who have left us, and to take also upon their shoulders the pleasant responsibility of endeavouring to excel them, and to win a place upon our roll of honour at the end of their time. We also survived the ordeal of our Annual Examination without much damage ; our Associateships caused us the usual anxieties and gratifications ; our Union Dinner was duly eaten and drunk and enjoyed, the latter mainly owing to the comprehensive genius of Mr Harold Samuel ; and we achieved the award of various prizes and were surprised at some of the results, but especially pleased with one award, for nothing could be more congenial to our feelings on several grounds, than to find such unanimity in favour of awarding that most important prize—the Tagore Medal of the year—to Mr Cedric Sharpe.

There was one occurrence to which I had been looking forward for a long time, about which I fully intended to make something of a demonstration, and when the time came, very nearly forgot all about it. It was with the last Concert of last term that we brought the total of Concerts given by the College to five hundred, and if our activities had not been taxed to the utmost at the time we should have made some kind of recognition of the fact. Of course, there is nothing really in five hundred more than in four hundred and ninety nine, or four hundred and ninety eight and a half ; but it does not do much harm, when some noticeable figure presents itself, to attach factitious significance to it as an occasion for taking stock or otherwise. Just as some people, some little time ago, made up their minds, without any grounds whatever, except the imposing appearance the figure presented to their inexperienced minds, that it had been ordained that the end of the world was to come in the year 1000, A.D. As we now know, it did not come off, but our five hundredth Concert did, and would have woken us up, if we had had time to think of all that the big figure implied—the tentative beginnings, the misconceptions

before practical experience had given its invariable enlightenment ; the gradual growth of the standard of performance, the unravelling of a definite purpose in planning the programmes, the enterprising spirit which tackled new things so energetically and afforded us occasionally the honour of performing notable and important works for the first time in this country.

But there is no need to talk about it further now, for Mr Aveling has given a survey and appreciation in the Magazine which has just come out, and has done it with such charming lightness and discernment, and with such good sense and modesty (considering what a lot he has had to do with getting the Concerts through successfully for many years), and with such charm and geniality and everything that could make the account sympathetic, that it is more than unnecessary for me to discuss the subject further. I certainly could not improve on Mr Aveling's treatment of it and to that I gladly refer you.

So much for the things that concern us in the immediate past. The immediate future is fairly bewildering in its multiplicity. We look forward to the great and exhilarating gathering of the " Union " on July 6, and have no doubt that the company and the conversation will be plentiful, and that the latter will be as continuous as the former will be merry, especially if it is accompanied by an Organ Solo. We shall have the grand Festival Concert of the Institute of Naval Architects on July 5, in which our Orchestra will be associated with the strenuous efficiency of the Leeds Choir, as was the case on a like occasion several years ago, and we hope with equally distinguished results. We have to provide for another Patron's Fund Orchestral Concert at Queen's Hall on June 14, and many of us will be closely occupied by the great International Musical Congress at the end of May and the beginning of June, which will bring ardent musicians and writers about things Musical from all parts of the world, and will afford any of you who like to attend and hear the papers to be read at the University of London, fine opportunities of enlightenment ; as I understand there are so many papers to be read that several are to be read in several different languages simultaneously. Then there is the Coronation ! in which we all take profound interest, even a special personal interest, in consideration of our feelings for our former President ; and in connection with which many people connected with the College, especially Sir Frederick Bridge, will have very heavy responsibilities to cope with.



It is an unusually heavy programme and inevitably induces anxiety. For most of it is not of the nature of ordinary routine but extras, which will make the maintenance of routine exceptionally difficult. But if we can manage to survive it, I do not doubt we shall come out of the promiscuous ordeal with success. After some considerable amount of experience, I am hopeful that the College has attained to the healthy spirit which thrives best when efforts are imposed upon it; and that it is capable of enjoying Variety without danger of slipping into Dissipation; and I think that it is inadvisable for me to tempt the fates by adding to this variety, which represents such a lot of concrete facts, any of my usual doses of criticism and advice. If there is one thing which I regard as more essential than another in connection with these Addresses, it is to stave off their drifting into being periodical sermons. Moreover, I am told by people whose opinions and judgment I mightily respect, that I sometimes try to squeeze in more than healthily constituted people can be expected to assimilate. So I gladly take the opportunity to dispense with any further claims on your attention, and content myself with wishing you all a happy term, and spirit to enjoy sanely and with the utmost heartiness whatever comes by way of either work or play.

### **The R.C.M. Union**

*"People have always plenty of time to do anything they like to do."*—T. G. CARSON.

#### ANNUAL 'AT HOME'

To say that there have been *two Annual 'At Homes'* within *one* year may seem rather unusual, but is nevertheless absolutely truthful, and it speaks well for the vitality of the Union that the second party, which took place on Thursday evening, July 6, was even more joyous, friendly and well attended than its predecessor of October last. As an account appears in another part of the Magazine, no description is needed here. (Besides, the Magazine is so prosperous that space in its columns bids fair to be as valuable as building sites in the City of London!). The Committee wish, however, to record a most sincere vote of thanks, passed at their last Meeting, to all those who so generously contributed to the success and enjoyment of the 'At Home':—to the President

and Mr Visetti for the illuminations and flowers ; to the performers, and to the staff. The Hon. Secretaries also wish to express their warm gratitude to the kind volunteers who gave such valuable assistance in the secretarial department.

#### DISCONTINUANCE OF ANNUAL DINNER

When the Third Union Dinner took place last January, at Pagani's, it was felt that the comparatively small attendance of Members, and the extraordinary deliberation displayed over applications for tickets, made it doubtful whether it would be wise to arrange another Dinner for next year. The Committee have since considered the matter, and have resolved to suspend the Dinner for the present. There will, therefore, be no Dinner in January, 1912, and whether the function is revived in future years depends entirely on whether a sufficient number of Members express themselves in favour of it or not. The Committee are always glad to hear the views of Members on all subjects connected with the management of the Union.

#### MEETINGS AT MEMBERS' HOUSES

Such a Summer as the present has made outdoor enjoyments more acceptable than indoor ones, and the two Meetings at Members' Houses held during the term therefore took the form of garden parties.

The first was held on Saturday, June 17, at 130 Haverstock Hill, N.W., by kind invitation of Miss Mabel Saumarez Smith, to whose delightful hospitality the Union owed a very enjoyable afternoon. The short programme of music was as follows :—

PHANTASY TRIO in E minor, for Violin  
Violoncello and Piano .. *James Priskin*  
MISS GRACE HUMPHERY  
MR HERBERT KINZE. MR JOHN SNOWDEN  
VIOLIN SOLOS ..a. Chanson Louis XIII. et  
Pavane .. *Couperin-Kreisler*  
b. Siciliano et Rigaudon ..  
*Francour-Kreisler*  
MR HERBERT KINZE  
At the Piano : MR ARNOLD SMITH

PIANOFORTE SOLO *Fantasia-Polonaise Chopin*  
MISS GRACE HUMPHERY  
SONGS .. a. Air de Louise .. *Charpentier*  
b. J'ai pleuré en Rêve .. *Georges Hœ*  
c. Sérénade de Passant .. *Massenet*  
MISS MARY MELLOR  
At the Piano : MISS FLORENCE HANSON  
VIOLONCELLO SOLOS a. Waldesruhe *Dvorak*  
b. Stücke im Volkston, op. 102 .. *Schumann*  
MR JOHN SNOWDEN  
At the Piano : MISS FLORENCE HANSON

The second Meeting took place on Saturday, July 22, at Greencroft, Hadley Wood, Herts., by kind invitation of Miss Dorothy Spanton, and special features of this pleasant afternoon were the part songs performed in the open air, and a ramble in Hadley Wood. Here is the programme :—

PART SONGS .. .. . Mendelssohn	SONGS .. a. Requiescat .. .. C. V. Stanford
a. Oh! Forest deep and gloomy	b. There's a bower of roses .. .. "
b. A Cold Frost came	Miss NORA MOON
c. In the Woods	At the piano: Miss DOROTHY SPANTON
MISS KATHLEEN PECK, MISS WINIFRED WILLIAMSON	SONGS .. a. My Lady .. .. Edward German
Mr GLYN WALTERS, Mr W. H. GREEN	b. O Mistress Mine .. .. Sullivan
	Mr JOSEPH IRELAND
	At the Piano: Miss ALICE IBBETSON
	<i>The Mendelssohn Part Songs repeated by special request.</i>

## ELECTIONS TO COMMITTEE

Two casual vacancies occurred on the Committee during the Summer Term, as Miss Katherine Wilson and Miss E. S. Hendrie both ceased to be present students of the College. The Committee have elected Miss May Bartlett and Miss Florence Hanson to fill these vacancies.

## ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

The continually recurring reminder of Annual Subscriptions makes as dull reading as the clown's traditional phrase "Here we are again" makes poor wit, but since punctual payment contributes so greatly to the success of the Union, the Hon. Secretaries beg with all courtesy to remind Members that Annual Subscriptions become due on November 1 for the year 1911-1912.

MARION M. SCOTT

A. BEATRIX DARNELL

*Hon. Secretaries*

## The Investiture of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle

(JULY 13, 1911)

*"A son who is the theme of honour's tongue."—SHAKESPEARE*

So much has been said and written about the Investiture of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in July last, that I fear this account will be but a repetition of much that you have already heard.

Great interest in the event was displayed all over the country, but to Wales it meant more, it was part of the Principality itself, a living page of History.

In Carnarvon the excitement was intense. We talked of nothing else; we had it at breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner, and we afterwards dreamed of it. We lived the event over again, and we carried our minds back to the tradition from which it sprang.



That tradition concerning the birth of the first Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II., may best be told in the words of the old chronicler :—

" King Edward, albeit hee had brought al Wales under his subjection : and by a statute made at Ruthlan, An 12. Ed. I. incorporated and united the same unto England : in the which statute there be many good lawes concerning the division of Wales into counties, and concerning divers offices and officers, and concerning triall, and concerning the divisions of actions, and the forme of manie writs, and the proceeding therein, much like to the lawes of England : yet he could never winne the good will of the common people of the countrie to accept him for their Prince, and to be obedient unto such officers as he should appoint to governe them, unlesse he would remaine himselfe in the countrie among them.

" Neither could he bring them to yield their obedience to anie other Prince, except he were of their owne nation ; for the Welshmen having experience of the government of the English officers, and knowing that the King would rule the countrie by his deputies, cold not abide to have anie Englishman to be their ruler. who oftentimes upon the King's motion answered, that they were content to take for their Prince anie man whom his Majestie would name, so that he were a Welshman, and none other answer could he ever get of them by anie means.

" Whereupon the King sent for Queen Elianor out of England in the deepe of winter being then great with child, to the castell of Caernarvon, and when she was nigh to be brought to bed, the King went to Ruthlan, and sent for all the Barons and best men in all Wales, to come to him, to consult concerning the weale publike of their countrie.

" And when they were come, he deferred the consultation, untill he was certified that the Queene was delivered of a sonne : then (sending certaine lords to the Christening of his child, and informing them how he would have him named) he called the Welshmen together, declaring unto them, that wheras they were oftentimes suters unto him to appoint them a Prince, he now having occasion to depart out of the countrie, would name them a Prince, if they would allow and obey him whom he would name.

" To the which motion they answered that they would so do, if he would appoint one of their own nation to be their Prince ; whereunto the King replied, that he would name one that was borne in Wales, and could speak never a word of English, whose life and conversation no man was able to staine.

" And when they all had granted that such a one they would obey, he named his own sonne Edward borne in Caernarvon castell a few daies before.

Imprinted at London,

1584

being the edited translations of Humffrey Lloyd of records written 200 years previously."

History has shown us that the Welsh people were not subdued by the trick imposed upon them by Edward I., but it needs no trickery to-day to bring them to acknowledge their Prince. The grey walls of Carnarvon could tell many tales of assaults and plunder ; how the great

Edward's masons toiled and built guarded by cross-bowmen, for fear of a sudden raid by the turbulent Welsh.

While I sat in the shadow of a wall on this great day, July 13, waiting for the arrival of the Prince, I looked round at the thousands assembled to greet him. Welsh and English, their thoughts all concentrated on their Prince.

If the walls and towers of Carnarvon Castle could speak, surely they would have marvelled, and gone back to that grim day just seven hundred and seventeen years ago, when the turbulent Welsh rushed down from their mountains and glens and surprised the garrison, forcing even the King to retreat to Conway, whence he had come to punish the offenders.

To-day, side by side with the stone weather-beaten effigies of bygone men-at-arms who still look over the watch towers towards the hills, the royal trumpeters waited to announce to thousands of loyal Welshmen the arrival of the procession.

The hour of waiting slipped quickly by, the melody of the old Welsh songs, so perfectly rendered by the choir, filled the imagination with the historic heroes of Wales. Opposite and around me, their heraldic emblems decorated the tiers of seats, the emblems of Llewelyn and David and others who had waged war against the English power. There is a haunting memory in the Welsh airs, some inexplicable charm that carries one back to bygone days, to camps on the bleak hill-sides, and to patient watchings on the moors.

A sudden fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of the Prince in Castle Square; then cheer upon cheer told the thousands waiting in the Castle that the procession was approaching. There was a moment's silence while the Prince was received at the Water Gate entrance. Then, when he had entered the lower end of the Castle, the great multitude rose up with one accord. The newspapers have told us that the people 'cheered lustily,' but to me, at the upper end opposite the dais, it sounded like the roar of great breakers on the rocks.

The band was playing 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' but I heard no more than the first notes as the tide of welcome filled both courts. At the entrance to the upper court the procession stopped, and the Prince entered the Chamberlain's Tower to await the arrival of the King and Queen, the choir singing the anthem and the people joining in.

The reception accorded to their Majesties was as loyal as that which the Prince had received. When they had taken their seats, he was summoned to their presence by Garter King of Arms.

Looking back now on the events of that afternoon, I find that this was the moment which impressed itself most on my mind. The Prince, bareheaded, and dressed in his purple surcoat walked between his peers from the Chamberlain's Tower to the dais. Among those most interested was the Princess Mary, who bent forward with sympathy to watch her brother's approach.

Cheer upon cheer greeted him as he made three obeisances, then knelt on a cushion in front of the King. The Letters Patent were then read, and at the words 'Prince of Wales,' the Welsh people shouted out their approval even as they did seven hundred odd years ago when the mighty Edward offered them a Prince 'that was borne in Wales.'

During the reading of the Letters Patent, the King invested the Prince with the sword, by hanging it round his neck, placing a coronet on his head and a gold ring on the third finger of his left hand.

The Prince of Wales then did homage for the Principality of Wales and the Earldom of Chester.

"I, Edward, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life  
"and limb and of earthly worship and faith and truth. I will bear  
"unto you to live and die against all manner of folks."

His Majesty raised the Prince from his knees and, as he kissed him on either cheek we, who were near enough, noticed the loving and encouraging pressure he gave his son's hands. The Prince afterwards took his seat at the right hand of the King's throne.

The National Address was then read, a somewhat trying ordeal, I thought, for the Prince as it was in Welsh.

The Prince read his reply in a clear boyish voice, every word of which I could hear.

The Duke of Connaught stood at his right while the addresses were being read. The Princess often looked towards him, and when the procession was leaving the dais to present the Prince of Wales to the people outside at the King's Gateway, he waved his hand to her and she ran across the dais to walk beside him.

The roar of cheers burst forth once more as the procession went first to Queen Eleanor's Gateway and presented the Prince to the crowds



assembled on the quay below ; then to the King's Gateway where the moat was filled with crowded stands, and lastly to the thousands in the outer courtyard.

The cheers rose in waves, louder and louder, until the Royal party left by the Water Gate. We had to remain in our places for a short time before we could leave the Castle. I heard on all sides the delighted expressions of everyone at the charming and winning personality of the Prince

As I walked homewards between the lines of troops, I noticed very little of the gorgeous decorations or the display of colour. One figure remained before my eyes, and that one—our Prince—walking in the sunshine towards the dais, with the loyal shouts of his subjects raining down on him.

C. AGNES JONES

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### **The R.C.M. Union 'At Home.'**

*" So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow."*—WALT WHITMAN

The great gathering of past and present pupils and their friends in the Concert Hall on Thursday, July 6, was indeed a memorable evidence of the lively and ever-increasing success of the R.C.M. Union. This was the sixth Meeting of the kind. It was generally voted as delightful as any of its predecessors, and in the matter of attendance, all records were easily broken. It was an extremely sultry evening, and had it not been that the adjoining lawn was available to accommodate some hundreds of guests and give them additional breathing space, there might have been some almost uncomfortable crowding in the Concert Hall. As it was, nothing could possibly have proved more delightful. The arrangements were perfect : from the prime movers and inspirers—our two devoted Hon. Secretaries—downwards, everybody concerned had worked with that heartiness and good-will which experience in the past had taught us to expect. The Hall itself, which never looks so charming as it does on these occasions—when the floor for a brief space is no longer covered with stubborn rows of chairs, and when the floral decorations so generously contributed by Mr Visetti, tastefully bedeck the platform—was a feast of pleasure to the eye. The lawn was unostentatiously but very prettily illuminated, and seating accommodation was here provided for hundreds

who were glad to escape for a time from the heated atmosphere of the building.

The willing and good-humoured workers in the Refreshment Department, under Mrs Flowers's direction, occupied the generally unlovely, but now strangely transformed, Examination Room, thanks to the Director, and, though kept incessantly busy all the evening, they proved fully equal to every demand made upon them.

As on former occasions, we were indebted to several distinguished old Collegians for delightful musical contributions. The kindness and generosity of Miss Dilys Jones, Miss Clara Evelyn and Mr Albert Watson were acknowledged with great heartiness by the immense gathering, as were also the charming renderings of Sir Charles Stanford's new and beautiful part-songs "The Witch," "The Blue Bird" and "Chillingham," given by a picked choir of exceptional voices, under Sir Walter Parratt's direction.

Extraordinary curiosity was aroused by the announcement that a Toy Symphony would be performed by a Toy-Orchestra of Professors, and when it was whispered that the Symphony was to be a composition by Mr Franklin Taylor, and that it would be conducted by the composer in person, the demand for tickets for the 'At Home' became so overwhelming that the Secretaries found a difficulty in responding to the clamour! When the moment for the performance of the work arrived, the guests hurried up from the lawn and the Refreshment Room and completely filled the Hall. Every member of the 'Orchestra' with the exception of Mr Arnold Smith, was a professor at the College, and all were heartily greeted as they made their way on to the platform; but for Mr Taylor was in store a tumultuous reception that probably exceeded any he had ever experienced, even in those days when he was one of the popular public pianists of the time!

His Toy Symphony proved to be an exceedingly charming little work, but on this occasion the humours of its performance completely overshadowed every other aspect. Mr Cliffe, whose Cuckoo was mournful and plaintive in the extreme, Mr Dykes, whose solemn performance upon two little trumpets very much out of tune was irresistibly comic, Dr Walford Davies with a very large triangle, and Dr Alcock, seated at a glockenspiel and playing it as earnestly as he plays the organ, all

caused in their turn uproarious merriment.\* The composer's reception at the conclusion was something to be for ever remembered. He was repeatedly recalled and cheered, and on his final appearance was presented by the Director with a bouquet—which he pressed ecstatically to his bosom!

### PROGRAMME.

PART SONGS for Unaccompanied Voices  
C. V. Stanford  
(Words by Mary E. Coleridge)  
1. The Witch  
2. The Blue Bird  
3. Chillingham  
Conductor .. SIR WALTER PARRATT, M.V.O.  
CHOIR OF PAST & PRESENT PUPILS OF THE COLLEGE  
SONGS .. a. La Montagne Noire .. Holm's  
b. David of the White Rock } Welsh  
c. Suo Gan (Lullaby) } Folk Songs  
Miss DILYS JONES  
SONG .. In the Dawn .. Elgar  
MR ALBERT WATSON  
SONGS AT THE PIANO—  
MISS CEARA EVELYN

TOY SYMPHONY in E minor .. Franklin Taylor  
1. Allegro. 2. Menuetto. 3. Adagio Sostenuto. 4. Finale.  
CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER  
Cuckoo .. .. MR CLIFFE  
Nightingale .. .. MR PRICE  
Trumpets .. .. MR DYKES  
Sleighbells .. .. MADAME ELIESON  
Glockenspiel .. .. DR ALCOCK  
Triangle .. .. DR WALFORD DAVIES  
Side Drum .. .. MR ARNOLD SMITH  
Bass Drum and Cymbals .. MR DUNHILL  
Violin .. .. SEÑOR ARBOS  
Cello .. .. MR WHITEHOUSE  
Piano .. .. MR SHARPE  
Conductor—MR FRANKLIN TAYLOR

### The R.C.M. Union Loan Fund

The many well-wishers and supporters of the above Fund will rejoice to hear that the whole of the £300 required has been subscribed. This cheering result is largely due to the kindness of a most generous friend of the College, to whom the Union is thus under a deep obligation, who gave us the munificent sum of £60, and thereby brought our total subscriptions and donations to £311 5 6. Besides this amount actually given, we have received interest on our investments, amounting to £3 5 3, and, in addition, there are various further instalments yet to come of sums promised, amounting to £31 18 6; and we have also two Annual Subscriptions assured of £1 and 5/-.

Next term, therefore, we hope to elect a Working Committee, and to consider the further steps to be taken towards the administration of the Fund.

Besides the £60 referred to above, donations have, during the term, been received from the following:—

\* The writer's modesty has prevented him from mentioning one of the great successes of the Toy Symphony—the big drum. Never was drum so ill-treated and never were the drums of an audience's ears so vigorously assailed. The battle in "Ein Heldenleben" pales by comparison, and all realized that for the future development of orchestral percussion the world must look to the R.C.M. (See quotation at the head of this article). *Editor.*



Mr J. St. O. Dykes  
E.  
Mr Stephen Kemp  
Mr Achille Rivarde

Miss Mabel Saumarez-  
Smith  
Mr Walter Ford  
Miss Daymond  
Mr Waddington Cooke

Dr Alcock  
G.  
Mr Price  
Madame Henson

## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

RECEIPTS		£	s	d
By Donations and Sub- scriptions	.. ..	311	5	6
By Interest on Local Loans	.. ..	2	17	0
By Interest on Deposit Account	.. ..		8	3
TOTAL	.. ..	£314	10	9

EXPENDITURE				
By purchase of Local Loan Stock	.. ..	90	0	0
Transferred to Deposit Ac- count	.. ..	80	0	0
Commission on Guernsey Draft	.. ..			3
Balance at Bank	.. ..	144	10	6
TOTAL	.. ..	£314	10	9

EMILY DAYMOND, *Hon. Treas.*

## College Concerts

"But that which did please me beyond anything in the world was the wind-musique . . .  
" . . . that neither there nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think  
"of anything, but remained all night transported, so that I could not believe that ever any  
"musique hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon; me and  
"makes me resolve to practice wind musique and to make my wife do the like."

—SAMUEL PEPYS

## Thursday, June 8 (Orchestral)

- OVERTURE .. Anacreon .. .. Cherubini
- CONCERTSTÜCK for Four Horns, op. 86 Schumann  
Lebhaft, sehr lebhaft. ROMANZE, Ziemlich  
langsam, doch nicht schleppend.  
Sehr lebhaft. Mit grossem Ausdruck.  
AUBREY H. BRAIN (Scholar).  
FRANK PROBIN (Scholar). JOHN GREENWOOD.  
AUBREY COCKS-THONGER (Exhibitioner)

- RIHAPSODY for Contralto & Male Chorus Brahms  
CLARA SERENA KLEINSCHMIDT (Scholar)
- SYMPHONY, in E minor .. .. Rachmaninoff  
1. Largo : Allegro moderato. 2. Allegro molto :  
meno mosso. 3. Adagio. 4. Allegro vivace,  
Conductor—SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD,  
D.C.L., M.A., Mus. Doc.

## Thursday, June 15 (Chamber)

- QUARTET for Strings, in F, op. 96 .. .. Dvorak  
1. Allegro ma non troppo. 2. Lento
- Molto vivace. 4. FINALE, Vivace ma non troppo  
E. MUEHL PICKUP (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
ELSIE AVRIL (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
THOMAS PEATFIELD (ex-Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
- SONGS .. a. Nachtigall .. .. Brahms  
b. Le Crépuscule } Massenet  
c. Chant Provençal }  
IVY TILBROOK, A.R.C.M.
- SONATA for Pianoforte, in E flat, op. 12, No. 4 .. .. Clementi  
Allegro. Lento. RONDO, Allegro con spirito.  
JENNIE WILSON (Clementi Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
- SONGS .. a. Das Kraut Vergessenheit. .. .. Hindach  
b. Sing to me, Sing (from "A Cycle of Life") C. Lidgley  
ADA D. SOUTAR (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.

- VIOLONCELLO SOLOS—  
a. Waldesruhe .. .. .. Dvorak  
b. Stücke im Volkston, op. 102, No. 4 .. .. Schumann  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
- SONGS a. Es blinkt der Thau .. .. Rubinstein  
b. Auf dem Wasser zu singen Schubert  
c. Waldesgespräch .. .. Schumann  
CELIA TURRILL, A.R.C.M.
- ORGAN SOLOS..a. Idyll } .. Rheinberger  
b. Toccata }  
From Sonata in C major.  
ALBERT MIDGLEY (Scholar)  
ACCOMPANISTS—  
FLORENCE HANSON (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
GRACE HUMPHREY (ex-Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE, A.R.C.M.

## Thursday, June 29 (Chamber)

- QUARTET for Strings, in C major, op. 59, No. 3 .. .. Beethoven  
1. Andante con moto, Allegro vivace. 2. Andante  
con moto quasi Allegretto. 3. MENUETTO, Grazioso.  
4. Allegro molto.
- EUGENE GOOSSENS (Scholar). PHILIP LEVINE (Scholar)  
THOMAS PEATFIELD (ex-Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
CEDRIC SHARPE (Scholar).
- SONG .. Cara Sposa (Radamisto) .. .. Handel  
THOMAS GLYN WALTERS (Scholar)
- PIANO SOLO .. .. .. Liadow  
Variations on a popular Polish Air, op. 51  
KATHLEEN LONG (Scholar)
- SONG .. Mignon's Song .. .. Goring Thomas
- ORGAN SOLO Passacaglia in D minor Max Reger  
REGINALD FOORT (Scholar)

- SONGS .. a. Care Selve .. .. Handel  
b. A Pastoral .. .. Carcy  
KATHERINE RYAN (Scholar)
- QUINTET for Strings, in G major, op. 111 Brahms  
1. Allegro ma non troppo, ma con brio.  
2. Adagio. 3. Un poco allegretto.  
4. Vivace ma non troppo presto.  
PHILIP LEVINE (Scholar).  
EUGENE GOOSSENS (Scholar).  
THOMAS PEATFIELD (ex-Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.  
CEDRIC SHARPE (Scholar).  
ACCOMPANISTS—  
GRACE HUMPHREY (ex-Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

## Thursday, July 13 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in G major, op. 18, No. 2  
*Beethoven*  
1. Allegro. 2. Adagio cantabile. 3. SCHERZO, Allegro  
4. Allegro molto, quasi presto.  
ELSIE DUDGING (Scholar). DORA GARLAND (Scholar)  
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M. JOHN SNOWDEN (Scholar)  
2. SONGS .. a. Hymne à la rivière } A. Georges  
b. Au Soleil }  
F. MARY EDDISON  
3. SONATA for Piano & Violoncello, in F major, op. 99  
*Brahms*  
1. Allegro vivace. 2. Adagio affettuoso.  
3. Allegro passionato. 4. Allegro molto.  
GRACE HUMPHREY (ex-Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
ELLEN BARTLETT (Scholar)

4. SONGS .. a. Birds in the high Hall-garden .. Arthur Somervell  
b. The fault was mine  
c. O let the solid ground  
WILLIAM H. GREEN (Scholar)  
5. PIANO SOLO .. Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6 Liszt  
NORA DELANY (Exhibitioner)  
6. SONGS .. a. Redemption .. César Franck  
b. Bird of blue .. Edward German  
LILIAN BURGESS (Scholar)  
7. ORGAN SOLO .. J. S. Bach  
Prelude and Fugue in G major  
ARTHUR EGG (Scholar)  
Accompanist—  
H. ARNOLD SMITH (ex-Scholar), A.R.C.M.

## Wednesday, July 19 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in G major (34) .. Haydn  
1. Allegro con brio. 2. MENUETTO, Allegretto.  
3. Adagio. 4. FINALE, Presto.  
ELSIE AVRIL (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
ELSA STAMFORD, A.R.C.M.  
THOMAS PEATFIELD (ex-Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
JOHN SNOWDEN (Scholar).  
2. SONGS .. a. Prelude .. Cyril Scott  
b. Blackbird's Song }  
LILY SHARP  
3. SONATA for Violin and Piano in A major, ..  
*Harold Darke*  
First Performance. (Ex-Scholar)  
Recommended for performance by the PATRON'S FUND  
1. Andante con moto. 2. Allegro energico.  
PHILIP LEVINE (Scholar). HAROLD DARKE, A.R.C.M.

4. SONGS .. a. In a gondola } .. Hubert Bath  
b. Spring in Italy }  
c. Séparation .. Th. Labarre  
EVELYN PULLON  
5. TRIO for Piano, Violin and Horn in E flat, op. 40,  
*Brahms*  
1. Andante. 2. SCHERZO, Allegro.  
3. Adagio mesto. 4. FINALE, Allegro con brio.  
BERTHA NOTTINGHAM (Scholar).  
EUGENE GOOSSENS (Scholar).  
AUBREY BRAIN (Scholar).  
Accompanist—  
H. ARNOLD SMITH (ex-Scholar), A.R.C.M.

## Tuesday, July 25 (Orchestral)

1. SYMPHONY, No. 4, in G major, op. 88 .. Dvorak  
1. Allegro con brio. 2. Adagio.  
3. Allegretto grazioso.  
4. Allegro ma non troppo.  
2. SONG .. Lohengrin's Narration .. Wagner  
DAVID ELLIS (Exhibitioner)  
3. VARIATIONS for Violin & Orchestra, in E minor  
*Joachim*  
1. Allegretto. 2. FINALE, Allegro marcato.  
EUGENE GOOSSENS (Scholar).

4. SCENE .. Ritorna Vincitor (Aida) .. Verdi  
NORA MOON (Scholar)  
5. BALLET MUSIC .. Johann Strauss  
Ritter Pasman, op. 441  
(First performance in England)  
Allegretto (2/4)—Polka. Adagio, Andantino  
grazioso (3/4). Allegretto (4/4), Allegretto  
ben moderato (6/8), Valse. Csardas.  
Conductor—SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD,  
D.C.L., M.A., Mus. Doc.

## Institute of Naval Architects

The following is the programme of the Festival Concert given in connection with their Jubilee Meetings at Queen's Hall on July 5, by the Institute of Naval Architects:—

## NATIONAL ANTHEM

- OVERTURE .. Britannia .. A. C. Mackenzie  
SCENA .. O patria mia (Aida) .. Verdi  
Miss AGNES NICHOLLS  
SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS (for Pianoforte and  
Orchestra) .. César Franck  
MR PERCY GRAINGER  
SONGS OF THE FLEET .. C. V. Stanford  
(for Baritone Solo and Chorus)  
MR PLUNKET GREENE & LEEDS FESTIVAL CHORUS  
OVERTURE .. Cockaigne .. F. Elgar  
MOTET (8 parts, unaccompanied) Sing to the Lord  
Bach  
THE LEEDS FESTIVAL CHORUS.

- BALLADE .. War ich nicht ein Halm .. Tschaiowsky  
Miss AGNES NICHOLLS  
ODE .. Blest Pair of Sirens C. Hubert H. Parry  
THE LEEDS FESTIVAL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA  
Conductor .. Sir CHARLES STANFORD, D.C.L.,  
M.A., Mus. Doc.  
Principal 1st Violin } Mr ARTHUR C. BENT  
Chorus Master Mr H. A. FRICKER  
ORCHESTRA of past and present students  
the R.C.M.

## The Patron's Fund

The sixteenth concert of the Patron's Fund given at Queen's Hall on June 14, was a summary of some of the work which has been accomplished. Nothing new was offered, but many of the most successful works previously given at these concerts were chosen for repetition. The programme was purposely of a light character, in order to show that the young British Composer's have some moments free from care and sorrow, a fact of which some of their countrymen were apparently unaware.

The programme is given below, and the dates against composers' names are those of the first production of their work by the Patron's fund.

An account of the work of the fund was published in the programme; it showed that between the years 1904 and 1911, works by 61 composers have been played, 92 executive artists have performed (instrumentalists, singers and conductors), and 25 young musicians have received grants from the Fund to help them in various undertakings, concert-giving, publishing and foreign study, etc.

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|---|--|
| <p>1. CONCERT OVERTURE, in G minor <i>York Bowen</i><br/>(1904)</p> <p>2. SCÈNES DE BALLET in E flat <i>G. von Holst</i><br/>(1904)</p> <p>3. SONGS .. .. <i>Frank Bridge</i><br/>a. "Thou didst delight my eyes" (1909)<br/>b. "The Hag" (1904)</p> <p>4. SUITE for Small Orchestra .. <i>Harry Farjeon</i><br/>"Hans Andersen" (1905)</p> <p>5. FANTASIA .. "Siena" .. <i>George Dyson</i><br/>(1907)</p> | <p>6. SONGS .. .. <i>H. Balfour Gardiner</i><br/>(1906)<br/>a. "When the lad for longing sighs"<br/>b. "The Recruit"</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MR FREDERIC AUSTIN</p> <p>7. SYMPHONIC SCHERZO .. <i>Montague Phillips</i><br/>(1907)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA<br/>(Principal First Violin .. Mr W. H. REED)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Conductors—<br/>THE COMPOSERS AND SIR CHARLES STANFORD</p> |
|---|--|

## ‘Of Cabbages and Kings’; and, incidentally, of New Zealand

*"See what vigorous company  
Thou sendest greater England of the Southern Sea."*

—LEWIS MORRIS

‘God’s own Country,’ they call it—and perhaps it is the phrase, by divine right—that belongs to New Zealand.

Here are mountains, valleys, lakes, wayside streams; and the soft green garment of vegetation that Nature, with most peculiar care, has flung over what was once the very mouth of Hell. To this day Rotarua remains, grim and fearsome, to show the sons of men what their earth



was in the making. Rotarua—away up in the North Island—is the safety-valve of the country ; without it, the surplus energy of the gigantic underground forces would deal annihilation far and wide. Of such things let others write, and with wiser pens. As an unscientific wanderer in the Antipodes, I must content myself with simpler matters, remembering always that Royal Collegians may find, in many a learned tome, a more vivid and accurate description of the physical wonders of New Zealand than I can achieve.

From Volcanoes to Comic Operas is a far cry ; but it is better to write of what we know than to dabble in things outside our own particular province—although the latter beckons us with all too fascinating a finger. So let me tell of a Comic Opera Company on tour—and if by chance I touch upon some few features of interest to old College friends, I shall not have written in vain.

' Hard Work ' is something more than a mere figure of speech in the Country that lies beneath the cellarage of the R.C.M. A long way beneath, but still beneath—a fact not without its comfort. The repertory of the Company now touring in New Zealand consists of *The Dollar Princess*, *The Merry Widow*, *The Waltz Dream*, and an extraordinary piece called *A Knight for a Day*. The history of the latter would prove entertaining to a degree and may well be left for another occasion.

The present tour commenced in Wellington where we remained for three weeks. Two of the pieces mentioned above were played by the Company for the first time during this season. To describe the long days of rehearsal, the worries, and the anxieties incidental to any ' production '—more especially on tour—would be to revive memories that harass. The Fates were kind and things went well. For my part, I salute the Fates.

After Wellington came a succession of small towns. Towns wherein we played sometimes one, sometimes two nights. By boat and by train we made our way North—to Auckland. Here I met Gregson—an old College boy—and his very charming wife. For his benefit some of the members of my orchestra foregathered one morning in the *foyer* of the Theatre to make music—and hereby hangs a tale.

By some lucky chance we have formed a habit of making music on Sundays in various Catholic Churches—both in Australia and New Zealand. My leader, Claude Solomon, is an excellent violinist, and keen.

With him, another violin, a viola, and a violoncello a String Quartet has sprung into being. A Horn introduced into this assembly forms a very workable Quintet for purposes of accompaniment, and also, of course, for the performance of music written for this combination of instruments.

It may be of interest to give one of our typical programmes :—

Quintet for Horn and Strings.

'Ave Maria,' for Contralto (with Quintet accompaniment).

'O Salutaris' for Baritone.

Slow movement from Max Bruch's G minor Violin Concerto.

Bach's 'G String' Aria for Violin Solo.

In many a town we visit, the majority of the congregation had never heard Chamber music until we introduced it to them. If our little music-party feel elated at the privilege accorded them of being pioneers, what wonder? Of all pleasant hours that have come my way since leaving England, none have been happier than the hours when the Quintet and myself—in some dusty band-room or pokey dressing-room—have rehearsed and rehearsed until some degree of proficiency has been achieved.

Life is full of compensation. What though some of us make our livings out of 'un-musical' Comedy, does it not leave us, mind and soul, all the more alert for what we reverence as real music? Peri-like—kept at bay by the un-moving crystal bar—we gaze into Paradise and yearn with the yearning that but few discern. And who shall say that this heart-whole longing for *music*, does not produce in some of us a state as gracious as is his who lives in a daily atmosphere of Bach and Beethoven?—especially when stumbling fingers and brains half asleep must be coaxed and bullied into obedience by the conscientious teacher.

Not for one moment would I infer that light music is necessarily bad. Let us all be catholic, and learn that the horizon of music is vaster than some of us imagine. I suggest, for instance, that there is as much real worth in some examples of Viennese light opera as in, say, a Rheinberger Organ Sonata. Brahms, for one, would have said 'more'; and who amongst us will gainsay him? Therefore, let us be good catholics, and, if we would feel deeply, let us learn also to laugh light-heartedly. If the rhythm of Brahms or of Richard Strauss delights us, well—there is an excellent lilt to be found in many a humbler musician's work; also a delicacy and elasticity that is sadly lacking in some of us.

Very grimy was the boat that conveyed us from Auckland to New Plymouth. This voyage, by reason of unkind seas and a treacherous shore, is reported to be an unpleasant one on occasions. But whenever I have made the trip, the sea has been in its softest mood, and the shore a thing of wonder. The colours, the curves, the lights and shadows of the sun-kissed hills make ample amends to the traveller for the discomfort of his undesirable boat.

New Plymouth entertained us for one night. The town is small, wooden and iron-roofed ; but, near-by, is Egmont.

Egmont is the noble one. He stands with his head in the clouds, but with feet firmly planted on this dear Earth of ours. Snow-capped and clad in green—solitary and aloof, yet every inch of him a friend—for miles round Egmont is—Egmont.

In Wanganui lives my friend, Louis Cohen. He had recently returned from an extended trip to Europe. In the small hours, with a tired hotel-waiter in sleepy attendance, I heard tales of the last Leeds Festival—of Stanford—of the London Symphony Orchestra—of Vaughan-Williams's Sea Symphony, and of the countless matters of interest.

Leslie Peck—glasses on nose and pipe in mouth—I met in the street soon after my arrival. Our old College friend, happy and married, flourishes. It was the Irony of Fate that made my two days in Wanganui coincide with Peck's busiest and most scholastic hours ; thus my time with him was very short. The worst part of my profession—or of my branch of the profession—is, as the aristocratic young actor said, that it ' cuts into ones nights : ' And so when Peck was idle, I was strenuously engaged, and vice-versa. Another time—better luck.

Of the remaining towns we visited on this tour (with the exception of Christchurch) I will say nothing. Not that there is any lack of interest in them, but that I may spare my readers guide-book information. Christchurch, though, is insistent, and calls imperiously for a paragraph all its own.

Christchurch has a winding river, along whose banks are weeping willows. They crowd down to the water's edge, and stand in long, long rows, as if in gentle mourning for some vanished happiness. They hang their delicate, ever-green leaves over the river in graceful tendrils ; suggesting a grief almost too sweet to be sad ; emblems of regret rather



than of pain. By its weeping willows one remembers Christchurch, and the clear shallow little river that runs placidly by them.

A cricket match claims us on at least a couple of afternoons every week. We are ambitious and play teams that sometimes include half-a-dozen representative cricketers. What of it if we generally suffer defeat? Sometimes we win, and then great is the glory that shines on 'the eleven.'

The sense of friendship is a thread running through the web of life. Hurried hither and thither by the shuttle of circumstances in the loom of the gods, this thread connects one person with another in remote and hidden ways. From one end of the earth to the other it runs; and in every corner thereof it is to be found. The more unlikely the place, the greater the delight on its appearance. A little incident in a dressing-room of the Wellington Theatre will serve as an instance. I was talking one night with Reginald Roberts (the principal tenor of our Company) of 'Cabbages and Kings.' Cabbages, I suppose, led us on to potatoes—and from thence Ireland was but a step. Sir Charles Stanford and *Shamus O'Brien* followed in natural sequence. At this juncture the little thread came into view. Years ago, Roberts was engaged to play the Captain in *Shamus*, and Stanford himself coached him in the music. During the next act (we were playing *The Waltz Dream*) Roberts and I looked across the footlights at each other, conscious of a new link between us; the little thread had stretched 13,000 miles from Roberts to Sir Charles and back again—another 13,000 miles to me. Brave little thread: 26,000 miles—and never a sign of strain.

\* \* \*

The above rambling reflections were written on dry land; now, on the good ship 'Marama,' within twenty-four hours of Sydney, I must try to make as good an end to them as is possible with a Concert (of sorts) hanging over my unlucky head to-night. There are concerts *and* concerts; also ship-concerts. On the whole, I think even '*and* Concerts' are preferable: However, I have just persuaded the stage-manager—amiable and guileless being—to unearth such talent as is not bushel-hidden; and he is at present wearing an anxious air as he threads his delicate way in and out of a much deck-chaired deck. Paper and pencil in hand, I leave him to the martyrdom which, by rights, should be my own; and turn my thoughts to the 'few words more' with the avidity characteristic of a verbose preacher.

Think sometimes, some of you who sit under the wise ones of Prince Consort Road—think sometimes of Britain beyond the seas, and of how work may be awaiting you—ready to your hands—have you but the courage to seek it.

You would find no musical life here, such as is part of your very being in London. Those who rightly understood the dignity of your calling would be few and far between. But—a significant 'but' this—you are needed here in Australasia, for the musical life of a great nation is in the making; and young blood is essential to the architects of the mighty structure to be raised.

Your cheeks must be red, and the blood leap vividly in your brains, if you are to be of use. You must not fear the sunshine and the open air. There must be no taint of the 'precious'—the unhealthy, in your mental equipment. I admit it is years since I was one of you, but conditions change very little. One generation is much like another. I can remember many a one, when I was at College, who would have proved the very man for the Colonies; but, also, a certain section who would have been of little account here.

Think then, those of you who are the 'very men,' that there is a good living to be made by good men in Australasia. In frankness, I will tell you that such had better love their Art more than themselves; for the tale of their golden deeds may only reach Europe at infrequent intervals—and their work (and its consequent emoluments) will have to be its own reward.

There are those whose Art demands the mouthing of the multitude; others are content to know their own worth, and are satisfied to be a link in music's mighty chain. Yet—mark you—fame may still single out the latter for her particular favours—for fame is a fickle jade at the best.

There is an uncouth phrase for which I have no liking, but since it is pregnant with meaning I will press it into my service; and so, to such of you as may hear the call of the Colonies, I say:—" *It's up to you* " to come.

From a new world—vividly youthful—its faults and virtues both referable to the same cause—I send these words, across thousands of miles, to Prince Consort Road; a greeting to the gray, crowded, but loving old world that still holds the hearts of her children in exile.

FRITZ B. HART.

## The Royal Collegian Abroad

*"East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast."—MACAULAY*

### THE INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL CONGRESS

The part played by the College and its members in the Congress held in London at the end of May and the beginning of June, was a large one, and we shall not attempt to record the names of those composers whose works were represented, or of those Collegians who took part in the deliberations which were held in the buildings of London University. Writing at some distance of time, when the details of all that went on during those busy days have had time to sink into place in the memory, the thing which still stands out as of paramount importance is the address with which Sir Hubert Parry opened the first General Meeting on May 31 on "The Meaning of Ugliness in Art." We wish it were possible to give a summary of it here, but instead, it may be mentioned that it has been printed in full in *The Musical Times*, and every Royal Collegian should read it there.

### LONDON CONCERTS

The most important concert from the College point of view was that given by the Institute of Naval Architects at Queen's Hall on July 5, when an orchestra composed of past and present members of the R.C.M. collaborated with the Leeds Festival Choir, under the direction of Sir Charles Stanford. Mr Plunket Greene sang the solo part in the "Five Songs of the Fleet," which Sir Charles Stanford had originally designed for this festival, but which on its postponement last year were produced at Leeds. These songs, the performance of Bach's "Sing ye to the Lord" by the choir, and of Sir Hubert Parry's "Blest pair of Sirens" were the most notable features in a programme which was full of good things.

\* \* \*

The London Musical Festival, held at Queen's Hall from May 22 to May 27, was one of the principal events of the season, and the College was represented at it, as regards executants, by Madame Agnes Nicholls, who sang in Bach's B minor Mass and St. Matthew Passion Music; and as regards composers, by Dr Walford Davies, whose very delightful Orchestral Suite, 'Parthenia,' was played for the first time.

\* \* \*

PROMENADE CONCERTS. Amongst the artists engaged to appear during the present season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, we note the following College names:—Miss Dorothy de Vin, Miss Polyxena Fletcher, Miss Evelyn Hunter, Miss Auriol Jones, Miss Florence Smith, Miss Florence Taylor, Miss Winifred Williamson, Mr George Baker, Mr Marmaduke Barton, Mr Ivor Foster and Mr Herbert Fryer. College composers will be represented by works by Dr Walford Davies, Mr Cecil Forsyth, Mr Landon Ronald, Sir Hubert Parry, Dr Cyril Rootham, Sir Charles Stanford and Mr Coleridge Taylor.

\* \* \*

Mr Thomas Dunhill's new "Capricious Variations" for Violoncello and Orchestra were performed for the first time in London by Miss May Mukle at her concert at Queen's Hall on May 2. She also introduced another novelty, an "Invocation" for Violoncello and Orchestra by Mr Gustav von Holst.

\* \* \*

Miss Beatrice Harrison gave an Orchestral Concert at Queen's Hall on June 16, which was an unqualified success. As a Violoncellist, Miss Harrison holds quite a special place of her own, and her playing at this concert gave convincing proof that her gifts are developing steadily, beyond the great promise and achievements of former years.



**VOCAL RECITALS.** It so happened that the first week in May saw two very interesting Recitals given by College singers—both well-known sopranos. The first in the field was Miss Gladys Honey, who gave her Recital at Bechstein Hall on May 1, while Miss Beatrice La Palme gave hers a few days later at Æolian Hall.

Miss Honey showed the beautiful quality of her voice, and her artistic versatility in a number of songs by French, German and English composers, and she had the valuable assistance of Mr Campbell McInnes and Miss Marjorie Adam at this most enjoyable concert.

Miss La Palme's gifts show to their best in operatic music, but she is too good an artist not to impart interest to all the work she undertakes, and she interpreted French, German and English songs with equal success at her Recital.

\* \* \*

**PIANO RECITALS.** Mr Ioan Lloyd-Powell can always be depended upon to give a thoroughly enjoyable Recital, and that which took place on May 31, at the Æolian Hall was no exception to the rule. The weather was hardly kind to him, since one of the worst thunderstorms of the year kept away a number of people, and the heat was perfectly exhausting, but those who attended the Recital were more than repaid. His playing of the Waldstein Sonata was excellent, and as the programme progressed, he improved upon himself, so that his playing of the last group of pieces by Brahms, Debussy and Chopin was the best of all, though the performance of César Franck's *Prélude*, *Chorale* and *Fugue* was also good. Mr William Murdoch is another College pianist whose work is always interesting, and he also chose Franck's *Prélude*, *Chorale* and *Fugue* for the Recital which he gave at Bechstein Hall. His interpretation of the Franck, and of Debussy's 'Children's Corner' Suite calls for nothing but praise, and he showed the varied quality of his gifts by appearing also as accompanist (and an absolutely first class one) for Madame Donalda, who sang at his Recital.

\* \* \*

**MORLEY COLLEGE.** A very successful concert performance of Purcell's 'Fairy Queen' was given in the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, on June 10, when additional interest was given to the occasion by the fact that it was the first complete performance of the work since 1695, the full score having been lost shortly after Purcell's death, and only discovered ten years ago. We have had occasion to speak before of the admirable results achieved by Mr von Holst with his chorus and orchestra, and it is a pleasure to congratulate him again on the success of a bold venture. Dr Vaughan Williams prefaced each act with a concise and lucid explanation, which greatly helped the audience to picture the dramatic situations and the whole performance should give an impulse to the future recognition of Purcell.

\* \* \*

Miss Geraldine Dillon and Mr Frederick Dillon sang at the All British Concert on May 17, at the Festival of Empire, Crystal Palace. It may also be mentioned that these clever artists took part in the Marie Brema Opera productions last season, but the information reached the Magazine too late for insertion in the previous number. Mr Dillon took the part of Graf Vauvert in 'Pompadour,' and was the solo baritone in both productions of 'Orpheus,' at the second of which he was responsible for training part of the chorus, while Miss Dillon understudied Katrine in 'Wedding Bells.'

#### SCOTLAND, IRELAND, WALES AND THE PROVINCES

##### GLASGOW

An interesting concert was given on June 26, in the hall of the quaintly reproduced Highland village ('au Clachan') at the Glasgow Exhibition. Miss Eleanor Evans contributed some solos and met with very warm appreciation.

## DUBLIN

A series of Lectures on Music was given by Professor Percy Buck at Trinity College during the last week in April, and the subjects dealt with were Elementary Harmony and Counterpoint, Intermediate Harmony and Counterpoint, Advanced Harmony, and Fugue and Canon. Each lecture was followed by a discussion, and admission was free to all students of music.

## FEIS CEOIL

Musical doings in Dublin are not always exciting, but the Annual Feis Ceoil Competitive Festival which takes place during May, is always a week of great interest. It was a real pleasure to welcome Mr Franklin Taylor as one of the adjudicators, and while he was in Dublin he stayed with Mrs Best—better known to Collegians as Edith Oldham. It was delightful to hear College news first hand, and Mr Taylor had to submit to an Examination although he was there in the role of Examiner. The other adjudicators were Signor Deuza, Mr Plunket Greene, Mr Sigmund Beel and Mr Nicholson, and one of the most enjoyable events of the week was Mr Plunket Greene's lecture on 'Interpretation in Song.'

## BELFAST

Miss Florence Macnaughton met with very great success in Belfast last spring, when she was engaged as one of the principals in a week's run of Sullivan's 'Gondoliers' given under the auspices of the Amateur Dramatic Society. At the close of the week she was presented with a solid silver rose bowl by the Society, in appreciation of her services. She also gave a Recital while in Belfast.

## BANGOR

By kind permission of the Senate, Miss Olwen Rowlands gave a concert in the Hall of University College on May 16, when she had the valuable assistance of Miss Evangeline Florence and Mr J. R. Whitehead. The programme, while planned on thoroughly artistic lines, was yet not too stiff for casual concert goers—a happy result which is very difficult of achievement, as all know who have organised concerts. Miss Rowlands displayed her powers both as an ensemble and a solo pianist, and her spirited, refined playing showed to good advantage in both departments.

## SHEFFIELD

The Sheffield Festival, under the conductorship of Sir Henry J. Wood, took place on April 26, 27 and 28, just too late for a notice of it to appear in the last Magazine, but it is none the less interesting to note now that the College was well represented on that occasion. Madame Agnes Nicholls and Miss Phyllis Lett sang in the performance of the 'Messiah': Mesdames Agnes Nicholls and Kirkby Lunn sang the parts of Ruth and Naomi in Georg Schumann's 'Ruth,' (given for the first time in England); Madame Agnes Nicholls was the principal soprano soloist in the striking performance of Bach's B minor Mass; and Mr Maurice Sons led the orchestra and played the violin solos in the Mass.

## READING

Two Coronation Festival Concerts were given at Reading on May 10, and were distinguished alike by artistic excellence and enthusiasm. The works performed covered a very wide range, from Bach to Elgar, and everyone concerned in the arrangements and performance deserves hearty congratulations.

Sir Frederick Bridge's 'Song of the English' was given at the afternoon concert, with the composer as conductor, and Dr F. J. Read's new Coronation Ode, specially written for this occasion, received its first and second performances at the afternoon and evening concerts, under the composer's direction. Madame Gleeson-White was the soprano soloist. Both the new works made favourable impressions, the genuinely national character of the music being praised in all accounts. A noteworthy feature of the afternoon concert was Madame Gleeson-White's fine singing of the beautiful solo 'Though into the Valley' from Sir Hubert Parry's 'Judith,'

while an event of the evening was the excellent performance of Dvorák's 'New World' Symphony, under the bâton of Mr W. H. Phelps, a conductor who has done much for orchestral music in Berkshire. The band included many Collegians in its ranks; amongst them—Miss Lockhart, Miss M. M. Hobday, Mr C. Warwick-Evans, Mr C. Hobday, Mr G. Ackroyd, Mr C. Draper, Mr H. P. Draper, Mr B. J. Muskett and Mr J. F. Smith.

#### BOURNEMOUTH

Madame Solly and her String Quartet, assisted by Miss Katharine Eggar, gave a Recital on January 25, at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, when the programme was exclusively modern; the three works given being Miss Katharine Eggar's well-known Piano Quintet, Maurice Ravel's Quartet for Strings—a work which has called forth most diverse opinions—and Albert Roussel's Pianoforte Trio. Madame Solly is to be congratulated on her enterprise in presenting such works, and it is an additional pleasure to know that she is equally enterprising and courageous in her championship of old music, as may be seen from the programmes of her concerts in Paris, etc., noticed under another heading in this column.

#### NORWICH

Miss Margaret Prior gave a Violin Recital at the Assembly Room, Theatre Plain, Norwich, on April 22, before a large and appreciative audience. Her choice of items for her programme covered three distinct phases of music, the classical side being represented by Brahms' Sonata in D minor, op. 108—the virtuoso element by Vieuxtemps' Violin Concerto in D minor, and salon music by some short solos. At present, the virtuoso style seems most congenial to her, as she was at her best in the performance of the Concerto. Miss Phyllis Lett, who assisted Miss Prior, sang a number of interesting songs with her usual distinction, and special mention should be made of the lovely Old German 'Joyous Easter Hymn.'

#### ST. LEONARDS ON SEA

Particulars have been forwarded to us by Miss Annie Kenwood of her Fifth Series of Subscription Concerts, held at the Albany Hotel, St. Leonards, last winter. The admirable list of performers included Miss Kenwood herself, Miss Sybil Maturin, Mr Harold Samuel, Mr James Friskin, Mr Herbert Kinze, Mr Ivor James and Mr Hindenberg. Although Mr Friskin's Violin Sonata in G major was the only actual novelty, programmes could not fail to be interesting which contained such works as Mozart's String Quintet in C and Piano Trio in B flat major: Brahms's B major trio: Schubert's E flat major trio, op. 100, and String Quartet in D minor: Vivaldi's Chaconne, played by Miss Kenwood; Bach's Suite in D minor for Violoncello, played by Mr Ivor James: the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, played by Mr Harold Samuel, and César Franck's Prélude, Chorale and Fugue, played by Mr James Friskin.

#### SITTINGBOURNE.

A performance of 'Hiawatha' was given by the Sittingbourne and District Musical Society at the close of their season, when the three soloists were Miss Clytie Hine, Mr Albert Watson and Mr Joseph Ireland. Their singing created a most favourable impression, and the whole performance was warmly appreciated.

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#### ABROAD

##### PARIS

The Harriet Solly String Quartet, which includes Miss Olive Bell and Miss Margaret Izard among its members, played with marked success in Paris last Spring. On April 28, it gave a concert of Ancient English Music at the Lyceum, which must have been delightful, to judge from the works given. A Sonata by Purcell, and Lawes' 'Comus' Music would give distinction to any such concert, but in addition there was the interest of a 'Consort of 4 parts' by Matthew Locke, which had been specially copied from an unpublished manuscript in the R.C.M. Library. Another



concert was given on May 2, at the Salles des Agriculteurs, Rue d'Athenes, when Quartets by Haydn and Schubert were played, and Mr Frank Bridge's Phantasy Quartet also found a place in the programme.

#### BENDIGO

Miss Dorothy Penfold, whose home is in Bendigo, gave a Vocal Recital in the Town Hall there on June 14, on her return from her studies in England, and Collegians will be interested to know that she delighted her audience by the excellent results of her training. She sang songs by Mozart, Saint-Saëns, Tchaikovsky, Brahms and Liszt, Liza Lehmann, Albert Visetti and Amherst Webber, and also included one by her father, Mr Oliver Penfold. She was assisted by Miss Marion MacGillivray, Violinist, and M. Napoleon-Boffard, Tenor.

#### CORONATION HONOURS

His Majesty the King has been pleased to confer the insignia of C.V.O. upon Sir Frederick Bridge, and has made Dr Walter Alcock an M.V.O., in recognition of their services in connection with the Coronation music.

#### APPOINTMENTS

Mr Arthur C. Heberden has been appointed Organist and Music Master at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, I.W., in succession to Mr George Dyson.

Miss Katherine Wilson has been appointed to the staff of the Conservatorium, Stellenbosch, Cape Colony, and sailed for S. Africa in July to take up her new duties there, carrying with her the good wishes of all who knew her at College.

Mr Harold E. Darke has been appointed Organist and Choirmaster of St. James's Church, Paddington, W.

Mr Arthur Egg (the present holder of the Montreal scholarship) has been appointed to succeed Mr Harold Darke as Organist and Choirmaster at Emmanuel Church, West Hampstead, N.W.

Mr Cecil K. F. Wright has been appointed Organist and Choirmaster of St. Mary Abchurch, E.C.

#### WEDDINGS

We offer sincere congratulations and good wishes to Miss Grizel Anstruther who was married on April 18, to Baron Knut Bönde, of Ericberg, Sweden, at St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, E.C. Collegians will also unite in congratulations and good wishes to Miss Florence Macnaughton, who was married on July 15, to M. Jules Edouard Souchon, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, West Hampstead; to Miss Christine Bywater, on her marriage with Mr T. C. Sterndale-Bennett; to Mrs Stow (Miss Blanche Hooper), to Mrs Beachcroft (Miss Patience Wilson), and to Mrs Van den Berg (Miss Bronia Pam), and to Mrs Kirsch (Miss Myra Adler.)

#### SOCIETY OF WOMEN MUSICIANS

This Society held its Inaugural Meeting at the Women's Institute, 92 Victoria Street, S.W., on Saturday, July 15, when a large number of Women Musicians, representative of many sections of the musical community, were present. The Chair was taken by Miss Katharine Eggar, and the College was represented on the platform by Miss Emily Daymond, Miss Gertrude Eaton, Miss Lucie Johnstone and Miss Marion Scott, who all spoke on the Objects, Constitution and Rules of the Society.

The Meeting was at once practical and enthusiastic, and the new Society could not have had a more encouraging start. Its objects are to supply a centre where Women Musicians can meet to discuss and criticize musical matters; to afford members the benefits of co-operation and also when desired of advice with regard to the business side of their professional work: to bring composers and executants into touch with each other: to afford practical opportunities to composers for trying over composi-

tions ; and to promote such other objects as may be deemed desirable by the Council for the advancement and extension of the Society's interests generally. It is early yet to speak of the work the Society hopes to accomplish, but it may be mentioned that among its schemes for the future are the foundation of an Orchestra and a Choral Society for Women's voices. All these plans are not made, however, with any view to exclusiveness, since though the Members are Women, Men Musicians are eligible as Associates. Nor has the Society any political bias or motive. In her opening address, the Chairman said " We intend the Society to be a great factor in the development of Art, and we feel that that is a basis broad enough to admit of all varieties of political opinion." It might well paraphrase Wesley's rule for its motto, and say that it wishes " To do all the good it can, In every way it can."

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#### NOTICE.

The Editor wishes to point out that Royal Collegians who desire their Concerts to be noticed in the above column should direct their Agents to send Tickets to the Honorary Secretary. The Magazine has now a Staff of Local Correspondents in many of the larger Provincial Towns who are prepared to attend Concerts, when they receive Tickets, on behalf of the Magazine.

The Editor would be glad to receive names of other Members of the Union willing to undertake this work either in London or the Provinces.

Names should be sent to—

THE HON. SECRETARY, R.C.M. MAGAZINE,

Royal College of Music, Prince Consort's Road, S.W.

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### Two Pretenders

*" I suppose there is no man, that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness, but his affection stands to a continuance of a noble name and house, and would take hold of a twig or twine thread to uphold it."—LORD CHIEF JUSTICE CREWE.*

Among the minor objects of interest in Italy which can for a moment arrest the attention of the traveller who has ' done ' all the great sights, are the memorial slabs of two Pretenders to great thrones. One is the heavy monument erected in his own Cathedral to the memory of his luckless brother by Henry ' Duke of York ' and Cardinal, who for forty-two years held the See of Frascati, and appears to have led in that beautiful spot the sumptuous and quasi-worldly existence of the eighteenth century prelate. Charles Edward brought his futile and dishonoured life to an end in Rome, but as a royal funeral was denied to him, his brother caused it to be celebrated with all possible pomp in Frascati. The gold-embroidered pall on the coffin bore the inscription *Carolus III. Magnæ Britanniae Rex*, and the monument—in the depressing taste of the period—records that " here lies Charles " " Edward eldest son successor and heir of James III. King of England " " Scotland, France and Ireland. He lived sixty-seven years and one " " month and died in peace on the 1st of January 1788. Henry Cardinal "



"bishop of Tusculum and Duke of York inherits his rights and with"  
"love, grief and reverence performed the funeral service for his august"  
"brother and gave great honour to his Sepulchre."

Frascati, however, does not guard the royal remains, for the 'Young Pretender' rests beside his father in the Crypt of St. Peter's at Rome, and thither in its turn was conveyed the body of the Cardinal when he too quitted the scene of his active life and his sterile pretensions.

Leaving Frascati and going to Siena, the writer found herself assailed by the memory of another unhappy claimant to another brilliant crown. This was the so-called Re Giannino, otherwise Giovanni Baglioni, member of the Guild of Wool Merchants, whose history is indeed a strange, a mysterious and pitiful one. A worthy and apparently prosaic middle-aged burgher of Siena who had buried one wife, married another, and was the father of several children, Giovanni Baglioni one day found the even tenor of his way disturbed by an extraordinary letter from Cola di Rienzi, the Roman 'Tribune,' who summoned him to his presence at the Capitol.

Thither in all haste and secrecy, disguised indeed—for the greatest mystery had been enjoined—Giovanni repaired, and after being lavishly entertained, was taken by Cola to an inner chamber and there informed that he—Giovanni, the Wool Merchant—was truly the King of France! A friar, that inevitable confidential messenger of medieval days, had communicated the news—and proofs!—to Cola, having himself been confided in by yet another friar, a certain Antonio, who, falling ill on his way to Rome from Paris, had feared to die before his mission was accomplished. Fra Antonio had been told the facts by a Fra Giordano who had long been burdened with the secret, had been in fact privy to all its circumstances, but had never felt himself in a position to reveal it until age and increasing infirmities had led him to fear that it might be buried with him. His story was that Giovanni—the putative but illegitimate son of Guccio di Mino Baglioni, and born in Paris during his supposed father's residence there—was really the posthumous child of Louis-le-Hutin, by his queen Clémence of Hungary, but had been changed at birth when Guccio's infant offspring died in order to further the infamous intrigue by which Philippe-le-Lon succeeded to his brother's throne in 1321.

Guccio—apparently a party to the substitution—brought the child to Siena in 1326, and there had no difficulty in causing him to be accepted by the Baglioni family. Cola, so the story goes on, no sooner learnt these facts than he set to work to find the lost heir, a task which was to some extent facilitated through his possessing Tuscan relatives in the Tolomei, while by a strange but, of course, providential coincidence, it happened that the Baglioni had good reason to know the Tolomei as through their failure Mino, the father of Guccio, had been reduced to poverty—a condition from which Giovanni had rescued himself through his own industry.



Cola then had enquired of the Tolomei, and they in a manner not explained, but which must have given several people at least an inkling of the secret, had identified the worthy Giovanni to the Tribune's satisfaction.

To this amazing tale Giovanni lent a credulous ear. He had been born in Paris—that he knew, and the rest of the narrative offered no inherent improbability to the medieval mind, steeped as that was in the marvellous. Stories of royal changelings were part of the stock in trade of poets and romancers, and poets and romancers were still regarded as persons of the highest credibility. Moreover everybody was engaged in an intrigue of some sort, political or personal, and nobody was supposed to be at all scrupulous as to the means by which a desired end could be attained. Under these circumstances, what more likely than that a posthumous royal child, arriving inconveniently for several people, should not have died as reported, but should have been given the name and parentage of a common infant, and spirited away to a foreign land? It all seemed quite simple to poor Giovanni, whose head was turned on the spot, and from this moment the life of the hitherto contented burgher becomes one long Odyssey of woe and wandering and hope deceived. He went to Hungary to seek, and seek in vain, the aid of his royal relatives there; he went to France to gather together followers and found them in the scattered remnants of disreputable Free Companies now disbanded from the wars and employing their enforced leisure in the usual license and ravage.

An English Captain is said to have associated himself for a time with the Pretender, whose activities and whose pretensions at last drew upon him the attention of French and Papal authorities, with the result that Giovanni was finally taken prisoner and, it is said, conveyed to Naples where he ended his days in a dungeon.

At any rate he never returned to Siena and is never reported to have renounced his dream. The legend about him grew, his sons were known as sons of the king, and as such are inscribed in the register of deaths in San Domenico, where a slab engraved with the Lily of France also covered their remains. Their fellow-citizens related that they bore on their shoulder a mark—an imprint—betraying their royal birth, and although very shy in general of exhibiting this, they were always going to show it to somebody but somehow never did, and the Sieneese talked for a time familiarly of the *Re Giannino*, and then forgot him until of late years the story has been disinterred and submitted to the scathing light of modern historical criticism. But even modern criticism has only been able to point out the various inconsistencies and absurdities in the tale; it has not explained its mystery.

Various hypotheses have been advanced. Some say *Giannino* was an impostor; some a madman; some a dupe. As to the first of these theories, it may be safely said that the worthy hardworking Sieneese Wool Merchant has not the physiognomy of an impostor: he is more

likely to have been insane or simply deceived. But if insane, did he *invent* the story of his letter from the Tribune, and his interview with the latter? Or was he the victim of a practical joke practised on him by some cruel *farceur* to whom he had, perchance, confided the delusion as to his birth?

*That* suggestion is rather modern than medieval; it is more probable that he was made the tool of some intriguer anxious momentarily to turn the delusion of a fellow-citizen to personal account. It is even possible that Cola—always on the look-out for romantic adventures—was himself honestly deceived, and told the marvellous history to its subject in quite good faith. All these speculations are however vain. What is certain, pathetically, pitifully certain, is the fate of poor Giovanni, leaving his industrious calling, his quiet home, his wife and children, and faring forth to talk, to persuade, to plot, to struggle in pursuit of a glittering phantom which mockingly led him into strange lands and into battle-fields, and made him—we may be sure—the prey of heartless adventurers until at last the walls of a medieval dungeon saw the end of his ruined life. We know not what he looked like, nor what manner of man he was, but his reality is attested by his signature which may yet be read among the autographs in the Palazzo Comunale of the lovely Italian town whose walls sheltered him in his happy days.

### The Term's Awards

"He doesna ken whether he hits or no till them at the target tells 'im."—J. M. BARRIE.

The following awards were made at the close of the Midsummer Term:—

#### COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS (£50)—

Percival R. Kirby	(Composition)	£9
Olive M. Sturgess	(Singing)	£6
David Ellis		£7
Mary O. Congreve-Pridgeon		£9
Jessie C. Stewart	(Violin)	£7
Enid F. L. Knight-Bruce		£7
Elsie L. V. Sparkes, A.R.C.M.		£5

THE LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY'S PRIZE (value £3 3s) for SINGING—

George A. Baker, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

MESSRS W. E. HILL & SONS' PRIZE OF A VIOLIN, BOW AND CASE—

Evelyn M. Pickup, A.R.C.M.

MESSRS BRINSMEAD & SONS' PRIZE OF A PIANOFORTE—

Joseph A. Taffs (Scholar)

THE LILIAN ELDEE SCHOLARSHIP FOR FEMALE SINGERS—

Clytie M. Hine, A.R.C.M.

THE SAVAGE CLUB EXHIBITION has been renewed to July 1913, to—

Edith F. Ivimey (Piano)

THE DIRECTOR'S HISTORY PRIZE for Easter Term, 1911, has been awarded to—

Emmie Gregory